

E N G L A N D's
D A N G E R *and* D U T Y,

REPRESENTED IN A

C O P Y of V E R S E S

ON THE PRESENT

REBELLION in SCOTLAND.

INSCRIBED TO

The Honourable *EDWARD VERNON*, Esq;

ADMIRAL of the WHITE.



By the Revd Mr Scott Disputing Minister at H.

L O N D O N:

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By Thomas Scott.

E N G L A N D ' s
D A N G E R *and* D U T Y.

T REASON too long contriv'd, too late believ'd,
 We feel, astonish'd; and are undeceiv'd.
 Small and despis'd, Rebellion's Vapour rose,
 But sudden to a threat'ning Tempest grows.
 From the bleak Mountains of their Eastern Coast
 The perjurd Clans rush down, a brutal Host,
 A hardy, heady, fierce, rapacious Breed,
 Plunder their Trade, and *Popery* their Creed.
Rome prompts them on; the rude bigotted Bands
 A Vassal of revengeful *France* commands.
 For Tyranny they fight, their Sword ordains
 To conquer'd *Britain* Popery and Chains.

O *EDINGBURGH*, let History record
 Thy Faith new-plighted to thy rightful Lord,
 And Gates wide-open'd (Mystry yet unknown!)
 To welcome an Arch-Rebel to his Throne.

COME,

COME, all ye Sons of Verse, furround the Tombs
 Of slaughter'd Heroes, scatter rich Perfumes;
 With od'rous Praise embalm each noble Wound,
 Bid Fame's loud Trump with shrillest Note resound 20
 Those Patriot-Warriors, who, deserted, stood
 On *Preston's* Day, and shed their gen'rous Blood:
 For *Bremer*, *Rogers*, *Stuart*, *Holwell* mourn,
 And shed the pious Tear o'er *Gardner's* Urn.

ROUSE, *Britons*, Rouse the slumb'ring War, repay 25
 With speedy Vengeance that disgraceful Day,
 Whose Dawning saw the *British* Squadrons flee
 With Pannic from a Rabble-Enemy.
 To Arms, to Arms awaken'd *Freedom* cries,
 To Arms, to Arms Religion's Voice replies, 30
 To Arms our Sov'reign's, Country's Danger calls,
 Hear, *Britons*, hear throughout your Gates and Walls.
 Else, go, with servile Cringe the *Conq'rour* meet,
 Go, lay your Laws submissive at his Feet.
 Let Peers and Commons, trembling at his Rod, 35
 Live by his Breath, tame Creatures of his Nod.
 Nobles of antient Pedigree, give Place
 To Mushroom-Nobles of th' untrowler'd Race:

With

With Highland Plads lo! New *St. James's* gay,
 Lo, Mountain-Boors great *Edward's* Star display. 40
 A plough-tail Gentry Court and Army fills,
 And Judges jabber as their Tyrant wills.
Britain her King a *Gallic Viceroy* stiles,
 O fall'n from what thou wert, fair Queen of Isles!
 All-dreaded Queen of Ocean, Queen no more, 45
 Coop'd up by *France* within thy native Shore:
 Spoil'd of thy Navies, sunk, enslav'd, disdain'd;
 By *France*, by *Spain*, by *Rome* thy Treasures drain'd,
 Thy Trade undone, thy Laws by Aliens plann'd,
 A whipp'd, fleec'd Province, and a bankrupt Land. 50

SEE *Superstition* too, mad, fierce, and blind,
 Advancing with a Mob of Monks behind;
 Beggars and hungry Wolves of all Degrees,
 Priests without Cures, and Bishops without Sees;
 With lying Wonders, pious Cheats they come, 55
 Shrines, Relicks, speaking Images, from *Rome*,
 Blest Jayl-deliveries for Ghosts in hold,
 Bills drawn on Heav'n, and Pardons truck'd for Gold.
 Rife, Abbeyes, from your antient Ruins rise,
 Re-lift your lazy Tow'rs in *British* Skies: 60
 Old mouldy Records and worm-eaten Deeds
 Rush into Day; the Church your Witness needs:

B

She

She claims her long-usurp'd Domains, resign
 Nobles and Gentles to the bald-head Line ;
 To holy Drones resign your wealthy Lands, 65
James nulls your Title, for so *Rome* commands.
 Her Black Tribunal *Inquisition* rears,
 Grim *Persecution* at her Side appears.
 Come forth from Dungeons which ne'er saw the Light,
 Come forth from Horrors worse than *Egypt's* Night, 70
 Come forth from Tortures, Heretics confess,
 Ye Wretches who the purer Faith attest,
 Ye Rebels to the Church, whose awful Nod
 Bids you believe the Bread you eat is God ;
 Republicans in Faith, accursed Names, 75
 Go and receive your meet Reward in Flames.
 " Haste, haste (the Blood-hounds cry) light up the Fires,
 " Burn Male and Female, Children and their Sires,
 " Spare not the Babe which struggles in the Womb,
 " Let Fire the Embryo Heresy consume. 80

O HELLISH Scenes! My Thoughts with Horror start
 From the foul Sight, and Anguish cleaves my Heart.
 Forbid it, Heav'n! That this vast Flood of Woe,
 This desolating Scourge should e'er o'erflow
 My Country, Refuge of the Saints distress'd, 85
 Long-favour'd Land, with Truth, with Freedom bless'd.

EXPERIENC'D

EXPERIENC'D *Wade*, haste, lead thy Veterans forth,
 Swift be thy Course to quell the Rebel-North;
 Collect thy Thunders, bid the Battle glow
 With rapid Fury, crush the trait'rous Foe, 90
 E're *Dunkirk* on our Shores her Legions pour,
 E're foreign Flames our plunder'd Towns devour,
 E're Violence rage in Rapes and Murders round,
 And Seas of *British* Blood o'erspread *Britannia's* Ground.

O *VERNON*, faithful, vigilant, and brave, 95
 O *Vernon*, born a tott'ring Land to save,
 To thee we look, to thee our Safety trust,
 As far as Confidence in Man is just:
 Watch the fly Foe, thy mighty Fleet display
 Eastward and North, and ward that evil Day; 100
 While *Martin* from his Southern Station eyes,
 Thy Motions, *Brest*, and *Ferrol's* War defies

BUT ah! if angry Heav'n the Scourge decree,
 Vain is our Trust, O *Vernon*, ev'n in thee.
 O Guilt! What Fears does conscious Guilt suggest! 105
 It damps each Hope which glimmers in the Breast.
 Our Crimes, our Crimes, a Mountain large and high,
 Rise up to Heav'n, and loud for Vengeance cry.

These,

These, *Vernon*, *Martin*, your strong Fleets may moor
 By adverse Winds, or dash them on the Shore. 110
 These, *Wade*, may baffle all thy martial Skill,
 Make vain thy Valour, with strange Pannic fill
 The Hero's Breast, and put to shameful Flight,
 Armies which stood in *Tournay's* dreadful Fight.

COME, let us fall before th' Almighty Throne, 115
 Perchance we may his kindling Wrath atone,
 Perchance that Arm which sav'd so oft before
 May yet exert its Pow'r, and save once more.

" O GOD, in Honour of thy Name arise,
 " For thy own Praise our Foes and thine chastise: 120
 " Let not Rebellion thy Protection boast,
 " Nor Malice and Ambition waste our Coast.
 " Thy Truth against blaspheming *Rome* sustain,
 " Nor let the righteous Remnant plead in vain.
 " Around thy *Chosen*, thy *Anointed* spread 125
 " Almighty Wing, and guard his sacred Head;
 " Make firm his Throne, to our last Race convey
 " The Blessings of a *Brunswic's* gentle Sway:
 " To latest Times let *pure Religion* smile,
 " The Strength and Glory of the *British* Isle. 130

F I N I S.